

The Saturday Evening

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MISS JULIA M.M.

Julia—thy flower is faded,
Yet fragrant as when new—
When first thy fair hand braided
And gave them to my view;
Fresh were they, and unstained
As the sweet bloom that glows
On thy young cheek, when painted
As virgin feeling flows.
And beauty, too, is fleeting
As morning's early hour,
When dawn, the darkness meeting,
Smiles on the opening flower:
Its morning soon is ended,
At noon tide hour it dies—
With age and wrinkles bleached,
It then neglected lies.
But mind and virtue flourish
While transient beauty flies—
Nor need its power to nourish
Affection's strongest ties—
Like the sea flowers thy fingers
Pluck'd for me in thy bloom,
A fragrance virtue's early tomb.
Yet friendship stays delighted
Round beauty's radiant bowers,
When virtue's charms united
Twine with her blooming flowers:
Then take the pledge, sweet maiden,
Offered at friendship's shrine;
With fragrance 'tis not laden
So sweet or pure as thine.

WILFRID.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY—No. 2. THE BRIDAL WREATH.

The bridal wreath, which beauty wears,
Blossoms yesterday upon her brow;
Its flowers were the gift of love.
But ah! where are those flowers now?
The wreath is gone—its bloom has fled,
And rose and lily, both are dead.
And where's the bride who wore the wreath,
Far lovelier than a flower the day;
No wild rose of the scented bush,
In beauty could with her compare;
Oh! lead me to the fair divine
And let me kneel at beauty's shrine.

But ah! within the bridal hall,
No more that wreath of love was made,
Where purest love reign'd, the shadow pall
Was seen o'er beauty's features laid:
The bridegroom in affection weeps,
For she he loved forever sleeps.

"Fair flower, thou art withered too,
So soon to lose thy sweetest gifts,
Thou like thy wreath, thy lovely hue
Has fled with all its sweets to heaven;
That voice, whose song the heart could thrill,
No more is heard, for'er the still.

"Faint emblem! now in joys above,
With cherubim in songs uniting,
In realms of bliss in holy love,
Now live delighted, and delighting;
Oh! thou wert fair—and form'd to bless,
But heaven now both doth possess.

"That eye which beam'd with lustre bright,
In closed in death's eternal sleep;
That hand which swept the chords so light,
Is still, and those that led thee weep!
For thou wert form'd to win each heart,
Which breaks when doom'd from thee to part."

Thus sang the lover! 'till with grief
He sank upon his bride's cold breast,
When death, who ever gives relief,
Afforded him his peaceful rest!
Together in one grave they sleep,
While strangers at their story weep.

The faded flowers of the wreath,
Young virgin o'er their cold grave strew,
While prayer for them the verdant breath,
The grateful tribute they renew;
And wait till they deck the lowly bed,
Fond tears are to their memory shed.

SELIM.

TO MISS

Oh! many sweet flowers these are,
Dear girl, in this valley of tears;
But thou art the loveliest far,
For love in thy bright eye appears.
Oh! would that it were in thy heart,
And cherish'd with fervour for me;
'T would serve as a balm for the smart,
Inflicted by glances from thee.
But, dearest, I will not despair,
But hope I may happier prove;
For ever from a bosom so fair,
There emanates nothing but love.

CYRUS.

TO MISS M. S. K.

On the death of an aged relative.
Dear girl, thy shoulder 'till longer mourn
For one who now has gone to rest;
Who long enough his life has borne,
And left to dwell among the best.
I see thee stand beside the grave,
I see the tear below thine eye;
The under tribute nature gave,
And mark'd the heart appearing sigh.
At that dread moment when was given
The body to its native clay,
I saw thee weep, and from heaven,
Her parted spirit seem'd to say,
"Dear M., weep no more for me,
New griefs beyond I'm 'neath the sod;
My troubles there have reach'd to be,
And now I dwell in peace with God.
Yet M., beauty soon shall fade,
The bloom of youth shall leave thy cheek;
Then let thy hopes on God be laid,
And thy Creator early seek.
So shall thy bark glide smooth along
The current of eventful life;
And thou shalt find the row among
The throng of better-blessed strife.
It shall not dampen thy mind,
Nor thy serenity impair;
In thy Creator thou shalt find
A power that will prevent despair.
M., be well, and live to God,
And when the time he gives to thee,
In spirit, and then art 'neath the sod,
Thy soul shall come and be with me."

ELANUS.

THE MORALIST.

ON CURSING AND SWEARING.

The custom of cursing and swearing, which has long prevailed, and which has risen to an alarming climax among all classes of people here, is not only indecent and unpolite, but wicked, as it takes away the reverence and awe which are due to a legal oath; and I doubt not but many persons, in a circuit of years, have sworn themselves through the trifling value which they place on an oath. When men are countenanced by each other in using the most shocking and astounding execrations on the most frivolous occasions, and in swearing by the Deity without any provocation the solemnity and religious sense which ought to attend the act of legal swearing vanishes; and such persons as are not habituated to religious or philosophical speculations, treat the form of administering an oath with as much careless indifference as they would any common and familiar act.

The old and justly celebrated English dramatic Poet has, in his play called "As you like it," represented man in one of his stages of life, as

Full of strange oaths.

Shakespeare has, indeed, drawn a common swearer like a savage in what follows,

—Bearded like a bear;

Sudden and quick in quarrel.

I cannot without indignation and surprise hear men, whose birth, education, and stations in life, should raise their minds above the vulgar, utter such oaths and curses as would even disgrace the lowest horde of humanity; pluming themselves on the notion, that this makes them appear manly and terrible, while on the contrary, it renders them unmanly and contemptible.

Being in a family a few weeks ago, I heard a young girl utter expressions which border on cursing; I was surprised to hear such words from the lips of innocence, for I truly believe she said nothing from any bitterness of heart; but my wonder ceased when I heard her Mamma use the same words, and her father curse and swear without reserve—for a good wife is always ready and willing to imitate a fond and an affectionate husband, and a dutiful child thinks she can do nothing better than follow the example of a kind, indulgent father and mother.

Dr. Young has drawn a character of a young lady who was above the reserve, in her conversation, which is peculiar to her sex.

—Tidals trip in a manly mien,
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene,
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to give she dares to name.
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the weakness of sense.

Such as see the hideous deformity of a character like this, will strive to merit a more amiable and beautiful one.

PHILO-WAYNE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1, 1824.

ELOQUENCE OF SHERLOCK.

Bishop Sherlock, in one of his sermons, has the following elegant passage, which is quoted by Mr. Blair, in his lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres, as a remarkable fine example of the figure of personification. The author is comparing our Saviour with Mahomet—

"Go (says he) to your natural religion, lay before her, Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword.—Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has reviewed them in this scene, carry her into his retirement—show her the prophetic chamber; his concubines and his wives; and let him hear him allege revelation and a divine commission, to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired of this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble, meek, doing good to the sons of men. Let her see him in the most retired privacy, and let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotion and supplications. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. When Mahomet has thus viewed, ask her which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the creation, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke, and said, 'Truly this man was the Son of God.'"

This, says Blair, is more than elegant; it is truly sublime. The whole passage is animated; and the figure rises at the conclusion, when Natural Religion, who was before only a spectator, is introduced as speaking by the centurion's voice.—It has the better effect, that it occurs at the conclusion of a discourse, when we naturally look for most warmth and dignity.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR SUMMERFIELD.

Mr. Summerfield, who is now in this city, continues to attract large and crowded audiences, who are admiring witnesses of his extraordinary powers of elocution. Neither that soundness of argumentation, nor profundity of ratiocination which has been indicated as constituting the perfect orator, is so obvious in his discourses, as those qualities of copious amplification, and judicious variety of simile, metaphor, and antithesis, which form the primary features of elegant elocution. The holy scriptures, from which our orator derives the chief principles of his discourse, are, however, to be admitted as simple truths—not to be controverted by the artifices of philosophical ingenuity; nor changed by the deceptive fallacy of human wisdom. Arguments too, which serve to illustrate the beatitude of virtue, and the blessed rewards of piety and religion, derive less support from the subtlety of logical deduction, than from that chaste appeal of fervid persuasion, founded upon intuitive and acknowledged maxims, and addressed to the

tender sensibilities of the soul. In this we may concede to Mr. Summerfield, the praise of perfection. Virtue and religion are depicted in colours so vivid, and in attitude so imposing, that they appear to the hearer, never before to have produced their proper and specific impression; vice and immorality are stripped of their alluring and meretricious ornaments, and their intrinsic deformity, from which the contemplation is made to turn with abhorrence, set forth in view. Founding his discourse upon the steadfast rock of scriptural testimony, the superstructure is confirmed by the perfect adaptation of its parts, and perfected by the elegance of ornamental decoration. His style is often marked by the lofty flights of an exuberant imagination, yet they are well sustained, and he returns by just gradations to the general tenor of his course. His similes, are well adapted to the dignity of his subject, and claim the praise of skillful appropriation. They are of a kind the most impressive, being chiefly drawn from the existence of the most striking objects of the surrounding material creation; sin is compared to the "weight of mountains," the displeasure of omnipotence to the threatening gloom of a lowering sky, and his voice to the sound of the rolling thunder—the saviour of men descends "from the bright portals of the sky." Righteousness was an expansive river, which fertilised with innumerable ramifications.—His voice, though deficient in vigor, yet possesses sufficient harmony and volume, and derives a peculiar and impressive effect, from that necessary variety of modulation which corresponds to the stress of emphatical sentences. His gesture is graceful, and imparts a peculiar and forcible expression to his sentences; especially when they rise into a particular importance of emphasis, or where they subside into the more placid solemnity of diction. To the departure of Mr. Summerfield, we look forward with feelings of regret. But, though distance may intervene, yet the recollection of his sincere piety, and active benevolence, shall retain him present in memory, though the steady and unceasing march of time may exert its obliterating influence; his eloquent and impressive strain, shall linger upon the ear, and excite a lasting and vivid sense of his remembrance. W.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AN EASTER MONDAY IN LONDON.

It was a charming day, the shops were closed, the chimneys of the manufactories emitted none of those columns of black smoke which commonly hang like heavy clouds over the city, and for once the sun was able "to dispel the fogs of London." The whole place was in a bustle, and every one was clad in his Sunday clothes, and wore a smiling holiday face. Westminster and the Borough were busy, but loud was the chattering of men and women, the whooping and hallooing of children, the rattling of chaises and hackney coaches, and the prancing of horses in the city. It was Easter-Monday—and time out of mind, the Kings had granted the privilege of hunting a white-faced stag, in the Royal Forest of Epping, to the Cockneys, or such of the good people of London, as were born within hearing of the famous Bow-Bells, which have been immortalised by the "History of Dick Whittington and his Cat."

On such a momentous occasion as a grand hunt, it is not a matter of wonder that every Cit who could beg, borrow, or hire a nag, should be in haste to horse away to the Forest of Epping. The stage and hackney coaches were all full, and a great many little Donkeys were seen scrambling along the strand, under the weight of carts filled with women and children, who were on the very tip-toe of eagerness to see the 'Unt. The whole scene was ludicrous enough, but to the Jockey and the man of the Turf, the chase was the source of infinite mirth. It is said that the scoundrel stag escaped many a doggy pursuer, and that he carries his white face and long antlers proudly to this day. The busy tongue of scandal whispered at Tattersall's, that at least the moiety of these bold riders were unhorsed before the chase had fairly commenced. Be this as it may, certain it is, that many of them returned after the shades of evening had begun to close around the metropolis, to be screened in some measure from the biting taunts and jeers of their neighbours, who had seen them ruffling it off so gallantly in the morning with an envious eye, and would be vastly pleased to see them returning on foot, well-begrimed with mud, and with not a few unsightly rents in their garments.

On that day, too, a grand procession of the Blue Coat Boys was to take place, and I posted myself within the multitude, at that corner of St. Paul's Church Yard which looks into Cheapside.—The procession was to proceed from the Mansion House to Christ Church, attended by a band of music; the Sheriffs of the neighbouring Districts in splendid carriages, with footmen in gay liveries, and the Lord Mayor in his magnificent carriage of office, which is so large, so bedecked with gold, drawn by so many horses, gorgeously caparisoned, that at first sight, it might be mistaken for the King's State Coach. Soon after I had taken my stand among the crowd, I found it was neither the Mayor, nor the Mayor's carriage, nor the Sheriff's, nor the Blue Coat Boys, nor the Band, that formed the principal object of curiosity, particularly among the female part of my fellow gazers—but, their great anxiety appeared to be, to get a peep at the Lady Mayor's, who, as I learned from their conversation, was to appear in full dress, with her hair adorned with three large, nodding, ostrich feathers. After a long delay, the procession approached, the band passed, then the Blue Coat Boys two and two, and arm in arm; and then came the Lord Mayor's carriage—its appearance excited a simultaneous cry of "here she comes!" here she comes!" But, alas! by a sudden start, the horses turned the carriage quickly round the corner, throwing its back unexpectedly towards us, and denying to hundreds the sight

they had waited patiently for hours to enjoy.—Then there was an outcry—"Who saw her? who saw the Lady Mayor's?" who saw the Ostrich Feathers?" Don Diego's nose, said I, did not make a greater noise in the City of Strasbourg, than the Lady Mayor's Ostrich feathers do in the metropolis of the world. No one, however, paid any attention to me, or to what I said of Don Diego's nose, but they all made a rush towards Holborn, to get again at the head of the pageant. For some yards I was hurried along with the crowd, but by a desperate effort, I escaped through Banner alley to Peter-Noster-Row, and spent half an hour at Dally's, over a prime chop, and a pot of sparkling Scotch ale.

MOONADMOOL.

Written on seeing it from my window after a storm.

Upon the far-off mountain's brow
The angry storm has ceased to beat,
And broken clouds are gathering now
In sultry reverence round his feet:
Alone he met their crowded batts,
Around his breast their folds were rended,
And there once more redeemed he stands,
And heaven's blue arch is o'er him bended.
I've seen him when the rising sun,
Burned like a bale-fire on the height,
I've seen him when the day was done
Throw back the beams of evening light:
I've seen him in the midnight hour
When all the world beneath were sleeping,
Like some lone sentry in the tower
His weary watch in silence keeping.

And there for ever calm and clear
His lofty turret nobly springs,
He owns no rival summit near,
No sovereign but the King of kings:
Thousands of nations have passed by,
Thousands of years unknown to story,
And still his aged walls on high
He lifts in majesty his glory.

And must the works of human power
Live but an hour, decay and fall,
And shall that cold and lonely tower
Outlive the proudest of them all?
Must beauty in its bright array
On which love's burning eyes are gazing,
And virtue in its heavenward way,
And glory in its path-way blazing?

Must all the feelings of the heart,
Its loves and sorrows, joys and fears,
Its hope and memory—all depart
And sleep with unremembered years?
And still that mountain brave and shock
When wild storms wave their banners o'er him,
And time too spare his turrets of rock
While ages melt away before him?

It should be so—for no heart beats
Beneath his cold and silent breast,
For him no well known voice repeats
The gentle words that make us blest;
And more than this—his deep repose
Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow,
He hath no weary eyes to close,
He hath no cause to dread to-morrow.

He should survive—but man should die,
As soon as a day as he may,
The close of life is always nigh,
And well if it arrive to day:
No matter when death rudely tears
The bands that doom or fate must sever,
For best the promise that it bears
That man shall not live here for ever.

For in the lapse of future years
When joy and hope and friends are fled,
When all the thoughts that ask no tears
Are those that hover round the dead;
Perhaps this scene may linger still,
And pensive memories of me stealing,
Remind me how the distant hill
Waked all the chords of tender feeling.

Farwell! I go my lonely way,
Perhaps far down the vale of years,
The eyes that roll in smiles to day
May gaze upon them dim with tears,—
May see thee still unaltering stand
And envy thee thy calm repose,
Till death arrive with welcome hand,
My cares and sorrows gently closing.

W.

* A rugged mountain of rock that rises abruptly nearly a thousand feet above the level of the ocean, forming the height of land between the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers, in Cheshire county, New Hampshire, and commanding a view of the country for about a hundred miles in every direction.

COLLECTanea.

SPIDER AND BLACK SNAKE.

We found the other day, the following remarkable account of the fight of a spider, which though it was not vouched for by any signature and though the hand writing was not known, we concluded to insert. If it be true, it is certainly worth notice. A spider is the most ingenious rope-maker, the most adventurous sailor, the boldest fighter, and the most independent proprietor of his own possessions, that we ever saw or heard of.—Such mischievous industry and such venomous perseverance is hardly to be matched by any animal from a mammoth to a b-bug.

One day last week, the workmen in Mr. Peck's machine factory, in Southington, discovered under one of the work benches a black snake, of the white throat species, and about six inches long, suspended by the web of a spider. The spider was of the common house sort, and not uncommonly large. When first discovered, the little insect had raised his victim about half a foot from the floor, and had him hung by a single thread. The ingenuity and power of the spider were truly wonderful. Passing rapidly down upon his line, he would fasten his cordage around the neck of the snake, pass back to his own nest on the under surface of the bench, then going again down, "cast a hitch" around the tail, and returning to his nest would avail himself of the contortions of the snake, after nately hauling up his lines so as to bring his game nearer home. In this manner he continued his labor until evening, leaving the snake alive, but so completely exhausted and secured as to be safe for the night; in the morning he was dead.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

During almost the whole of the last century, the family of the Parisian executioner, so celebrated amongst the people, under the name of Charlot, inhabited a solitary house, situated about the centre of a Petite rue St. Nicholas, between the faubourgs St. Denis, and St. Martin. At the commencement of the reign of Louis XV. M. de Lally since so celebrated by his unhappy destiny, and the edict which filial piety has given to the re-establishment of his fame, returned towards midnight, with some youths of his own age and rank, from the Galleries of Rapée, renowned at this period for their excellent metallurgy. As they approached near the house of Charlot, they heard

violins and sounds of merriment, and concluded that dancing was going forward. In, heated with the good cheer they heard in, enjoying, they took a fancy to partake of the amusements which these sounds indicated. They were near. They knocked at a door, the door; they asked leave to enter. They did not daring to take upon herself to call, called her master, to whom these young men repeated their request. "A Monsieur Charlot, receive you gentlemen, (answered Charlot) my house is not public; I amuse myself with my family; and our sports are about to cease, for it is already very late." These words, however, insisted, and hoping to secure their mission if they made themselves known, they said they belonged to the Court, that they came from a party at the Rapée, and intended to finish the evening by joining the amusements of an honest and respectable family. Charlot, after making useless efforts to dissuade them from their project, found there were no other means of settling the matter than by saying—"The higher your rank, gentlemen, the less possible it is for you to receive you; you would approve of my refusal if you knew who I am."—And who are you then? said one of the party.—Gentlemen, I am Charlot of Paris.—Ah! this is strange! cried the other. Lally, "is it you, who hang, break chains, and execute in fact my duties; but I have as much for your sure criminals. However, when a man of your rank, Sir, has the misfortune to fall under the scour of our laws, I consider it a duty, on behalf myself to perform the decrees of justice." Twenty five years after, M. de Lally died under the hands of this same man.

MARKETS OF MEXICO.

One of the most interesting sights to an inquisitive stranger in Mexico, is a ramble early in the morning to the canal which leads to the Lake of Chalco. There, hundreds of Indian canoes, of different forms and sizes, freighted with the greatest variety of the animal and vegetable productions of the neighborhood, are constantly arriving; they are frequently navigated by native women, accompanied by their families. The finest cultivated vegetables which are produced in European gardens, with the numerous fruits of the torrid zone, of many of which even the names are not known to us, are piled up in pyramids, and decorated with the most gaudy flowers. In the front of the canoes, the Indian women, very slightly clothed, with their long glossy tresses of jet black hair flowing luxuriantly to the waist, and often with an infant fastened to their backs, push the canoes forward with long slender poles. In the centre, under cover, the remainder of the family are seated, employed in spinning cotton, or weaving it, in their simple portable looms, into narrow webs of blue and white cloth, which forms their principal clothing. Other boats are loaded with meat, fowls, turkeys and a profusion of wild ducks, which they pluck and prepare on their road to market; generally, throwing the feathers which they consider of no value, into the water. Others again are freighted with Indian corn in bulk or straw, the general food for horses, reared like floating pyramids. Milk, butter, fruit, and young kids, are all in the greatest plenty, and, but adds to the picturesque appearance of the whole, is that nearly every canoe has a quantity of red and white poppies spread on the top of the other commodities; and, if there be a man on board, he is usually employed in strumming on a simple guitar for the amusement of the rest. The whole of this busy scene is conducted with the greatest harmony and cordiality. They land their cargoes a little to the south of the palace, near the great market; and remove their various commodities on their backs to the place where they deposit them for sale. This market is well worth visiting at an early hour; then thousands of Indians assembled with their commodities for sale, many of them from a considerable distance, form one of the most animated sights that can be witnessed. Domestic waterfowl are almost unknown in this part of New Spain. I never saw a tame duck, and geese, but twice in the whole country. Turkeys, fowls, pigeons, hares and rabbits, are in great plenty, and venison is occasionally met with at table. Fish is scarce and dear, the lakes producing but few species.

Tortoises, frogs, and the axolote, a species of salamander, are abundant in the market, and all good eating. The meat market is well supplied with beef, mutton and pork, and in the spring, kid is plentiful and cheap; veal is prohibited by law.—The beef and mutton are by no means equal to what we have in the markets of Europe. Of vegetables and fruits there are few places that can boast of such a variety as Mexico, and none where the consumption is greater in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE RESCUED GAMBLER.

Edward Newton was a youth possessed of a good understanding and brilliant parts, and the graces of a fine person and handsome features were improved by an amiable disposition. In him was centred all the happiness of an affectionate widowed mother. At the age of nineteen, he first became acquainted with the amiable, accomplished, and beautiful Caroline Stanley. A heart like his was not calculated to resist such united attractions, and he soon succeeded in gaining the affections of Caroline, on account of his youth, refused an immediate consent to his union, for some time he was perfectly happy, and applied himself, with renewed industry to the cultivation of his fortune, which was considerable. But unfortunately he was a resident of one of the southern states, where the vice of gambling prevails to an alarming extent. Until that period he had escaped the snare, but he had scarcely reached his twentieth year, when he formed an intimate acquaintance with a young man of the name of Charles Jackson, who, concealing his villainy under the specious mask of friendship and virtue, had wound round the heart of the unsuspecting Edward, who fell a victim to his snares. Time after time did he vainly resolve never more to yield to the temptation; but the bait was again presented, and it again entrapped him. No longer now did he lie down to repose with the conscious security of innocence—no longer his dreams, peaceful and pure, hovered round the fair form of Caroline, or dwelt on the calm affection of his mother—no longer with the open countenance of conscious innocence, did he meet the affectionate Miss Stanley; he stood abashed before her, and almost shunned her presence; and, deluded by the advice of his false friend, he rushed still deeper into guilt to relieve his torment. Unhappily for Edward, these feelings did not long continue; he eagerly endeavoured to convince himself of the truth of what his companions assured him, that gambling is but an innocent amusement and the reproaches of conscience, the effect of education. Too well he succeeded. His heart had become callous by frequent repetition of the crime, and for some time he slept in fatal security.

Happily for Edward, he was soon awakened from his dream. His mother—that mother who had sighed over the altered manner of her son, though far from suspecting the real cause, was attacked by a dangerous fever, and in less than

